

population, or by technology in economic growth, and to survey the various statements which historians have made about it. The brief quotations and summaries which he gives, however, are sometimes capriciously selected and hardly do justice to what is often in the full context a complex argument; further, he is rather inclined to accept unreservedly other historians' estimates and conjectures as hard facts on which to build his own case when they happen to suit him. Having thus surveyed the inadequacies of existing interpretations made by those who spend their time "aimlessly slogging in the archives with antiquarian self-indulgence", he goes on to indicate the questions which have not been answered or perhaps not even asked, ignoring too blatantly the severe limitations of eighteenth-century sources. And in spite of the strictures which Dr Hartwell sets in hand out, his own conclusions, when they emerge, are often surprisingly dogmatic, commonplace, or merely obscure.

In his present role Dr Hartwell is not a researcher in original sources. He provides little new evidence to add to the existing stock. Essentially he writes about what other historians have written about the Industrial Revolution. Of course it is an excellent thing that someone of Dr Hartwell's calibre should exercise the function of critic, especially when he is so widely-read in the literature of economic growth. He is able, indeed, to point out serious confusions and inadequacies in existing treatments, and he does provide an agenda for further research, where this may be feasible. Furthermore, he points to some under-exploited areas of the subject, as in his two new studies of the neglected service sector, and the problematical role of education and law in the Industrial Revolution—in some ways the most interesting chapters in the book. Dr Hartwell, indeed, performs a valuable service, if he performs it somewhat eccentrically, and his papers add up to a thought-provoking volume which experts and their students should not ignore.

It is of course well recognized by now that landowners played a significant role in Britain's economic development. The economic interests of many estate owners ranged well beyond their normal functions of managing and improving farmland. The fact was that in the early days of industrial growth a substantial part of the available capital supply was in the hands of rentier landlords, and



Iron bridge between Dolgell and Bannow, Aqueduct in 1776, by Paul Smalley. Both illustrations are reproduced by kind permission of the publishers from *An and the Industrial Revolution* by Francis D. Klingender, edited by Arthur Elton (Liverpool, Adams and Mackay, 1968)

since they controlled some three-quarters of the nation's territory it necessarily followed that the large-scale exploitation of mineral resources, the making of river improvements, canals, turnpikes, harbours and railways, as well as the development of industrial towns, suburbs and seaside resorts, were very often dependent on their initiative, encouragement, or consent.

It could hardly be expected, of course, that landed proprietors would welcome unreservedly the industrial reshaping of their estates. Their attitudes were often unevenly compounded of a desire on the one hand to protect their local landscape and sporting amenities against the encroachment of smoky factories and ugly slag heaps, and on the other of a keen appreciation of the beneficial effects that mining royalties, urban ground rents, and sales of land for transport projects would have for their often strained, sometimes desperate, finances. The rise of some of the greatest families was founded on mineral, urban or industrial

wealth. Coal was the mainstay of the Lowthers and their Cumberland derry at Scafell, and of the Marquess of Bute at Cardiff; coal and iron together formed the basis of the Dudleys' powerful grip on the Black Country; the proverbial wealth of the Grosvenors was founded on an inheritance consisting of a few precious square miles that happened to lie between Oxford Street and Piccadilly; while the empire of the seventh Duke of Devonshire extended from the balmy shores of Eastbourne to the hazy Buxton spa, and from Derbyshire lead mines to railways and steel works in bleak Limerick.

The outlines of this story have already been provided by the pioneers in modern estate studies, H. J. Habakkuk, G. E. Mingay, and F. M. L. Thompson. In *Land and Industry* some of the details are filled in and discussed by a team consisting mainly of young scholars. The new contributions are both general and local, and as is often the case

in such collections it is the more local and limited subjects that prove the more novel and interesting. These include a paper on mining and urban development in nineteenth-century Staffordshire and three essays concerned mainly with the eighteenth century—on Ulster landowners and the development of the linen industry, the purchase of landed estates by the successful tobacco and West Indian merchants of Glasgow, and the estate policies of two wealthy cloth merchants of Leeds. In addition, Professor Spring provides a more general survey of the landowners' role in nineteenth-century industrialism, and J. T. Ward furnishes a long string of examples of one aspect of this role, the landowner and mining enterprise.

In sum, the main advantage of these essays is to show the variety of the economic activities of the landowners and the wide range of influences which affected their response to industrialization. This is valuable, but the collection does not constitute a comprehensive or systematic treat-

ment of the subject, and the essays are generally too limited in scope to demand in London and the growing airports and industrial zones.

In general, Dr Clarkson is content more with the broad characteristics of the early modern economy than with the problem of economic growth as such. Nevertheless, much of his argument is related to the relatively slow and uncertain pace of economic growth in his period compared with the era after 1750.

There is an apparent terminological confusion, for while describing the important advances achieved in the two centuries before 1750 in agricultural and industrial technology, in transport, and in market relations, Dr Clarkson talks at the same time of "stagnation". Evidently there was some growth, though in his view the advances of the time were insufficient to give rise to large or sustained increases in per capita incomes, especially in the period of rapid population growth before the middle of the seventeenth century, when numbers pressed heavily on available resources.

The so-called pre-industrial economy was necessarily dominated by agriculture: according to contemporary sources quoted by Dr Clarkson, between 50 and 80 per cent of labour force in rural areas was engaged in farming. Although changing industry, agriculture was no means moribund, and indeed, in the absence of large expansion in the size of the home market or in foreign trade, this improvement was occurring in creeping and fitful steps. In Dr Clarkson's view, "sufficient to generate a pressure of demand before 1750 strong enough to bring about a fundamental break-over half of the labour was engaged in metal-working, was characterized by Defoe as 'very populous and large, the streets narrow, and the houses dark and black, even in the continual smoke of the hearth which are always at work'." The villages between Leeds and Hull were "in a hurry of work", while "Black Burnley" had long been eminent for its iron and steel.

Dr Clarkson rightly stresses the importance of the leather industry in which towns like Ashby, Leicester, Northampton and Weymouth were hands that did not employ more hands than did the textile, clothing or building. Agriculture's heavy demand for labour was a factor in the expansion of industries in pastoral and wooded areas where farming was only small-scale or supplementary occupation; but the major farming was being intensely market-orientated.

Especially particularly by the concentration of demand in London and the growing airports and industrial zones.

At some point in the eighteenth century in England apparently in the 1740s this equilibrium broke down and a "demographic revolution" occurred. In England this demographic revolution coincided broadly with the Industrial Revolution, and clearly there were important interrelationships between the two processes. In Professor Habakkuk's view a decline in the incidence of disease, and possibly the influence of improvements in food supplies, led to a diminished death rate; at the same time a bulge in the birth rate, following the preceding period of high mortality, produced an age composition highly favourable to earlier marriage. The agricultural and industrial expansion, various changes in the structure of land ownership and farming, and greater opportunities for migration appear to have had the effect of delaying for a long period the traditional response to reduced mortality of a decline in fertility. Fertility, indeed, remained high until eventually, in the later nineteenth century, the reduced mortality among children and the growing pressure of numbers led to a compensating fall in the birth rate, and so to an average size of surviving family which was not greatly different from that of pre-industrial days.

Apart from examining the various factors influencing mortality and fertility, Professor Habakkuk considers briefly the economic consequences of an expanding population. On the whole, he takes an optimistic view, arguing that the unfavourable effects on capital formation and dependency ratios may have been more than offset by the resulting economies of scale, for example in transport, and greater division of labour in an extended market. Population growth may also have given a stimulus to the acquisition of technical knowledge, while it certainly encouraged the growth of certain sectors through the stimulus given to urbanization and the expansion of the cultivated area. Further, the cheapening of labour was a factor in raising profit levels and hence in stimulating a higher rate of capital accumulation and investment.

In so brief a compass many of these arguments are necessarily left rather vague and unsubstantiated, and of course the whole controversial subject of the demographic revolution and its role in the industrial expansion of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is undergoing constant research and modification. What the distinguished author of *Population Growth and Economic Development* since 1750 provides is a thought-provoking survey, informed by his many years of consideration of the subject. And, refreshingly, the discussion is not confined to England and the peculiar characteristics of its unique economic experience, but embraces the wider problem of Western Europe, where the discontinuity of the demographic revolution was not always accompanied by rapid industrialization.

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The general result seems to be that even with the most advanced tools that the new economic historians can deploy in a period that is both relatively recent and relatively remote with statistical materials, the elucidation of the precise nature of the factors in economic growth remains as elusive as ever. Neither Dr Hartwell's elementary shopping lists of possible factors in the Industrial Revolution nor the refined but dubious calculations of the Harvard conference take us very much further; in one sense, the problem is clarified, but the very process of clarification reveals new complexities and new questions that have to be answered, if indeed they ever can be answered.

Perhaps, as S. B. Saul remarked, there exist constraining factors in the British economy that determine a long-term rate of growth well below that of many other European countries and the United States, and it may be that the upsurge of the classic Industrial Revolution—Dr Hartwell's "great discontinuity"—was an historically unique, unrepeatable experience.

size of population. A high age of marriage together with control of births, regulated fertility, while incidence of disease caused fluctuations in mortality. Both birth rates and death rates were high, but changes in the one were influenced by changes in the other as fertility eventually accommodated itself to shifts in the level of mortality.

There emerges an almost unanimous conclusion that the British entrepreneur, after all, was not so lacking in his response to technical developments and market prospects as has often been argued. The adoption of new products and processes and the rise of productivity were restricted less by the deficiencies of businessmen than by natural physical factors (as in the limitations imposed by terrain and climate on the use of the mechanical reaper in English farming, and the working out of the more easily exploited seams in coalmining). Also significant were the penalties of the "early start"—the inheritance of outdated but specific plant and equipment which inhibited investment in new processes (as in the chemical industry).

Put so baldly as this, the results do not seem very startling, and indeed most of the interest in the papers resides in their methodology rather than in their conclusions. The latter, in any case, are often doubtful because of the fallible nature of both the simplifying assumptions and the statistical material on which they are based. As one of the participants remarked, it is a delusion "that historical quantification is ever likely to lead to a definite result, a precise or conclusive answer, to any of the really interesting questions that economists are likely to ask". The main advance achieved by the new economic history is its employment of statistical techniques to examine the uncertainties in quantitative information and to make explicit the assumptions underlying traditional hypotheses, while sometimes throwing up entirely new hypotheses.

Essays in a Mature Economy is thus less valuable for its illumination of economic growth in nineteenth-century Britain than for its insights into the nature of the problems involved in understanding and measuring the growth process. The contributors suggest a variety of theoretical models and techniques of cost-benefit analysis which might be used, and here the record of the discussions that followed each paper is particularly valuable in pointing out the deficiencies in the basic statistics, the violence done to the true complexity of historical situations by the over-simplified assumptions of analysis, and the inappropriate elements in the techniques and measurements. Clearly the development for historical analysis of theoretical concepts, model-building, and statistical methods has a long way to go, and one is tempted to wonder, with Miss Dowie, whether so sophisticated an array of techniques, and indeed the significance of the questions on which techniques are brought to bear, are always worth the investment of time and research involved.

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Between *luan* and *ho-p'ing*

RICHARD H. SOLOMON:
Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture
604pp. University of California Press, 18.

In the cyclical tradition of Chinese history the successful rebel was usually become the founder of a new dynasty. No such dynastic succession can be expected to follow Mao Tse-tung's rule: he is a rebel through and through, the prophet of permanent revolution, the indefatigable sinner of society lest it should be corrupted and once again need a new purgative such as the Cultural Revolution.

But Mao, the outright rebel, was brought up in and had his mind formed by a society whose traditions are preeminently political in its attitude to authority and to the organization of society: a society in which tradition has been more valued and more effectively conserved than in any other equally long-lived. Within this political culture Mao, the revolutionary, has sometimes used well-worn channels to serve his ends and at other times has found himself struggling to obliterate the ingrained habits of centuries.

Of such habits the one to which Richard H. Solomon attributes most importance is what he calls "the politics of dependency". It is this dependency, rooted within the family, and therefore operating at all levels of society, which Mao has been up against and which he has tried to demolish by his demand for a developed political consciousness and a commitment to revolution. As the Maoist era comes to its end, the question to be asked is whether this

resolute champion of continuing revolution has broken the pattern of centuries or whether the Chinese taste for harmony, for order rather than disorder, for habit rather than continuous change, will once again reassert itself after the Chairman's passing.

The matrix of Chinese dependency is the Confucian family system in which the authority of the father has been absolute. The infant's early years are not, however, years of subjugation but of the most permissive indulgence—though much more for the boy than for the girl. Those who have lived among Chinese will have remarked how rare it is to hear a Chinese baby crying. But as soon as reason enters, the duties of filial obedience are unquestionably exacted. The social identity of the child is formed, the individuality is sternly repressed, and the uncompromising mutual relationship between parents and children is entrenched. The child sacrifices all sense of autonomy, learns to internalize his emotions, remains dependent within the family, and repays the care he gets in old age. The life-long habit of dependency is thus stamped on the personality.

Hence the Chinese starts life believing that a single individual has no autonomy and that his life can find fulfillment only within the group. From this follows the repression of an early age of any aggression, the inculcation of a highly developed sense of loyalty, together with a natural tendency to compromise. Failure to meet these social requirements means the constant fear of isolation; only by the avoidance of conflict and by a willingness to yield can the dependency relationships be sustained. If they should be cut then

the individual suffers a loss of power. That this pattern of upbringing and its accompanying outlook survive unchanged Mr Solomon is able to show by the tests he conducted on a sample of ninety-one emigrants from the Chinese People's Republic who filled in carefully prepared questionnaires, were subjected to thematic apperception tests, and were interviewed at length both in Hongkong and in Taiwan. In the psychological tests all of them reproduced the natural view, so rooted in Chinese society, that sees life as constantly veering between *luan* (disorder) and *ho-p'ing* (peace). Disorder in the family was to be avoided; so was disorder in society. In the century before the Communists came to power in 1949, China had suffered long periods of *luan*; the best reason for welcoming the new order was precisely the prospect of the order it would bring.

But order was not Chairman Mao's ambition. Nor did he respect the traditional wisdom of a cyclical view of history. His disregard of Marxism in many ways does not include a rejection of its messianic perspectives. The inevitability of history is an argument always ready in hand. But for Mao change in society is not enough: it is individuals' thinking that must be changed and with it all the habits of a politics of dependency. In place of the safely internalized aggression and repressed thoughts, there must emerge the proper emotions of hate which alone can fuel the revolutionary passion; and for Mao Tse-tung that hatred must be enkindled, not only against foreign enemies of the regime, but against those of its members who are found wanting and who resist the peaceful political struggle which Mao tried to make permanent as a lesson of the Cultural Revolution.

Certainly Mao was determined to uproot the political passivity of the peasant and to give him a conscious revolutionary will. This was achieved always by the periods of controlled *luan* that Mao has exploited throughout his political career. His reformation in Hunan as far back as 1927 to those who accused him of going too far was that only this could the realities of conflict be exposed; excesses were better than no revolution at all, and if in the course of excesses the innocent suffered, such wrongs would be righted in time.

It was after the *luan* of the Great Leap Forward, the first of Mao's major attempts at exploiting *luan* since the regime had come to power, that the Communist Party reasserted itself, rescuing China from the hardships of successive bad harvests as well as from the errors of the Great Leap. But to Mao the return to order

of the mid-1960s only proved how much the Party was becoming institutionalized and consolidated and in the process reverting to the age-old failings of the bureaucracy. The Cultural Revolution was not, as Mr Solomon stresses, a manifestation of the failure of Party rule; quite the contrary, it was a result of Mao's objection to the Party's success. Hence the need for the Chairman's last and most deep-dredging burst of *luan*. "I am alone with the masses waiting," he had told André Malraux in 1965.

Mr Solomon has divided his study into four parts. The first two analyse the political attitudes of the Chinese as derived from the personal interviewing of his refugee sample and from many other documentary sources. The third part reviews events in China in the first decade of Communist rule to discover how traditional values were attacked, how habitual emotions were made use of, and how patterns of behaviour were manipulated to further Mao's social and political goals.

So much had been completed, and a first draft of the book had been written by the spring of 1966, at which time they descended upon China Mao's last great assault on its revolutionary passivity, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The importance of these events is naturally absorbed Mr Solomon and the many revelations about the past conflicts among the Chinese leadership offered more grist to his mill, and of a kind quite different in character but much more revealing to his purpose than the official documentation of the earlier period. So in the last section Mr Solomon unravels and recounts those aspects of the Cultural Revolution that bear on his theme of the politics of dependency. The result somewhat unbalances the book, penetrating as the political analysis often is.

In the first part of the book he has some interesting points to make about the Oedipal myth as exemplified in Chinese society, where in the only available parallel it is the father who kills the son, thereby destroying family integrity, contrasting with the Western myth of parents who set the son free to realize his own nature. So, too, are his observations on the early psychological data on the Freudian oral and anal characteristics of Chinese society. But when these excursions are applied to so great an upheaval as the Cultural Revolution, in a necessarily abbreviated chapter of conclusions, the angle is too narrow to be very illuminating.

Such criticism is more a comment on the unforeseen timing of events than on the importance of Mr Solomon's themes and the analysis he has brought to bear on them. The

revelations about Mao's relationship with his colleagues that tumbling out in the free-wheeling, hitherto sheets of the Cultural Revolution were much too strong for Mr Solomon to resist. Since Mr Solomon finished his study in the summer of 1970 the Chairman's leadership, and what seems to be the isolation of Mao, only a further isolation of the party's political achievements of the Cultural Revolution. How far has Mao hoped to transfer to himself the Chinese attitude to authority as fixed on the father, and what happens now there is no one on whom he has laid his hand to succeed? Have the political obligations of society almost obliterated the obligations within the home?

All Mr Solomon's responses agreed that a great leader was necessary. It was evident from their replies about conflict and from the personal need for dependency that a strong authority was necessary. All of them. Leaving the Chairman, they were all to some degree still in step with his rhythms, yet it was observable in the strong authority they showed would inevitably generate its own sentiments and make future change inevitable.

Among many pointed observations on Chinese social psychology, Mr Solomon suggests that the recent Chinese dream of the *ho-p'ing*—a great harmony, or the "peace" which is the goal of the "great leap forward"—may reflect the disturbed harmony of infancy. He found the idea still very much in the minds of his respondents whatever age. Will this striving for the *ho-p'ing* reassert itself when the last tremors of the Chairman's *luan* have faded away?

One will find the dream in Mao's own past writings, though set in a Marxist historical view. During the war against Japan he foresaw Hitler war and an even greater war would develop from it, resulting inevitably to the final collapse of capitalism. Only then would man reach an age of permanent peace in which he would never again desire war. "Throughout all eternity our sons and grandsons will never know war again."

Mr Solomon's study will have of more value now the age of Chairman Mao's *luan* has come to its end and a new inspiration for China will be forth new leaders. It is a study that takes us right to the heart of China's political habits and should reveal many adherents of revolutionary China how much that country was in its own political gauge and not understood only by its own social imperatives.

Whether or not the reader in 1972 would accept Mr Solomon's conclusion that the Cultural Revolution was a disaster for China, the evidence he has collected is formidable, well-observed and honestly recorded. His skill in interpretation of the raw data is admirable. Although some of the reader who has followed some of the more recent loss track of the Party men who fell during those three turbulent years, this is recommended for its insight on many other aspects of Chinese behaviour.

He makes much of the impression—which must have been over-

VLADIMIR NABOKOV:
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BERNARD MALAMUD:
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The merit of seriousness is not much to be said for a writer these days. At a time when sundry public figures, from politicians to television playboys and religious pundits, can achieve blotted eminence merely by throwing around a few perentally profound questions and finding ready answers among their own people, there may, indeed, seem little to be said for a writer who is serious in his intentions. Only then would man reach an age of permanent peace in which he would never again desire war. "Throughout all eternity our sons and grandsons will never know war again."

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Botticelli comes to Berkshire

ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD
Odd Girl Out
288pp. Cape. £1.95.

There is a moment halfway through Elizabeth Jane Howard's new novel when Edmund Cornhill, predictable, inhibited, dependable and dull, longs to provoke a nasty scene. He is even ready to wallow in "every cliché about the *ménage à trois* that every *ménage à trois* has been through" in order to communicate. But although, on the final page, his wife Anne feels that the air has cleared, it is hard to believe that Miss Howard expects us to accept their experience as cathartic. Rather, we are left—perhaps deliberately—wryly observing how very little these characters have dared, how little they have learnt or suffered, how little difference the events she describes have made to their lives. Except to one life, a fringe casualty, unnoticed in despair and unnoticed, merely another piece in Miss Howard's intricate jigsaw of relationships.

The various pieces of this jigsaw fit together only in relation to the catalyst and central figure, Arabella. Fey and beautiful—even the GP comments on her likeness to the Botticelli figure of Flora that adorns the book-jacket—Arabella is every poor Little Rich Girl in fiction, updated. Her much-married, Ritz-and-yacht-dwelling mother Clara wants to marry her off to a grotesque eunuch;

her childhood has been peripatetic, haunted by "dirty old Humberts"; she has just ditched a dissolute failed actor and had an abortion; she is to stay with Cousin Edmund and Anne Cornhill in Thames Valley comfort.

A childless couple, totally engrossed in their ritualized and secretly self-indulgent life together, the Cornhills awkwardly adjust to Arabella's forthright intrusion; for Anne, trying to forget forever a brief and brutal first marriage, this lively, lonely, affectionately uninhibited girl means buying another Dover sole, sharing the flower arrangement, overcoming her modesty—for Arabella, promiscuously generous, loads Anne with expensive clothes but herself prefers to be topos, in tailored jeans. To Edmund, privily devoted to his wife's large breasts and domesticity, Arabella seems outrageously sensual and exotic; in no time, she has him naking passionate love in the rainy garden of an empty house, buying her clothes, lying to his wife, and tempted by total abandonment of his former self.

Not that anyone, even Arabella, is allowed to behave outside the code of formal upper-class manners: the Sancerre vintage, the precise differences of *haute* (Prunier's) as opposed to *roudhose* (Flashy Berkshire pub) *crème* are meticulously detailed; the purchase of Disques Heits, orange velvet trousers and pink shirt, are the accompaniment to, and very nearly the stuff of, Edmund's wild idyllic afternoon. So off he goes, unnoticed, on business to Greece, leaving

Anne with glandular fever and Arabella as willing, incompetent nurse. And the second seduction, among the bedroom feasts of champagne, fresh raspberries, and sunny days on the river, is easily achieved. What with the drinks and the charmingly considerate behaviour of all three, there was no need to imagine any showdown on Edmund's return, except that Arabella, in a predicament it isn't too hard to guess, hasn't quite understood the power of married jealousy. We are perhaps supposed to sympathize with her daydream of supplying what Edmund and Anne lack, with her inability to grasp how her desperate need to be loved has once again shown up the limited generosity of conventional lives; she is a brave survivor at other people's cost, doomed to exclusion from lives where love cannot be bought, unable to share any privacy or security.

Yet this, the central observation in *Odd Girl Out*, does not stir the reader's emotions. As if to recognize that we should not necessarily endorse approval of the almost incredibly sybaritic life-style the Cornhills represent (and Miss Howard's details of decor, caviar, food, flowers, and above all drink are certainly offered with tender care and devotion), the unhappy extremes of sated, petulant riches and of grinding, squalid poverty, are suggested in glimpses: Clara and her decadent Prince, or Janet, deserted mother of three sick kids, who finally takes an overdose. Not for a moment can one believe in these obviously concocted counterpoint puppets, whom nothing redeems or, one gathers, could redeem from

lives a good deal less bearable than the blinkered Cornhills' choice.

However ironic Miss Howard's intention — and it is clear that she assumes our appreciation of the widely underlying society's pursuit of pleasure and passion — it is impossible to suspect her of some concealed siren's attributes, a few recognizably subversive outbursts, a little of the Sally Bowles charm. But "her London outfit", of yellow linen and matching accessories, carefully laid out among the statutory bedroom array, do not belong to a scandalous, recklessly animal, Flora; her ability to queen it with abortionists and gay Chelsea decorators, knocking back the vodka, would surely not let her, within a week, risk not merely rejection but another pregnancy, by the singularly dreary Edmund. One could go on citing such inconsistencies.

In the end, alas, it is not the lack of nation or pathos of Arabella, the wreck she leaves, or the heart-searching she provokes, that make a lasting impression. It is the kind, impressively, madly, and with her Elizabeth Taylor novels and her cats and her sensuality, who comes across as a real person and what is curiously anachronistic and depressing image of a "modern" wife Miss Howard has chosen to present with so much full and affectionate observation. Her reassurance of the comic touches, laboriously directed at elderly widows, dentists, and daily helps allowed to subvert the sentimental respect with which the Cornhill culture is often

SCIENCE

BARRY COMMONER has been packed out in these columns (October 29, 1971) by Lord Ashcote, who was rather sharp about the "critical science" he had put forward in an earlier book. Scientists who read Dr Commoner's latest book will readily understand his Lord Zuckerman was so disappointed, and they may well be agreeing. However, *The Closing Circle* is both valuable and interesting even if its conclusions are hardly

It is not intended for scientists, so far as one can judge, but rather for intelligent laymen, to whom its lucid, enthusiastic and lack of condescension will surely appeal. Dr Commoner starts by trying to explain why ecology is all about, defining four "levels of ecology": It could be argued that ecology can be, and has been, readily summed up in a paragraph or even a sentence, and that his "four levels" do in fact boil down to "Everything is connected to everything else" — but by looking at aspects of this and illustrating how they can be applied Dr Commoner illuminates the difficulties of ecological thinking and research.

He then considers four environmental problems: the dangers of nuclear radiation from man-made isotopes, air pollution from motor vehicle exhaust, the excessive use of nitrogen fertilizers, and water pollution in Lake Erie. In so short a space he is bound to simplify, but in approaching each problem in terms of a case-study and recording how the problems and knowledge of them have developed he presents a convincing enough picture. The cases Dr Commoner describes are far from solution, and the holistic approach he demands is essential if progress is to be made. But Dr Commoner is far too concerned with "holism" in science, and too critical of "reductionism" — he seems to regard that some of the answers already applied to these problems have come from reductionist

He defines reductionism as "the belief that effective understanding of and bestows on the poem a prophetic significance which accords with the validity of his poetic experiences. Both can be seen as an affirmation, albeit tragic in circumstance, of his faith in an extension of human values."

Miss Jenkins's handling of the narrative viewpoint, which veers increasingly towards the clear-headed perspective of the Doctor as the situation becomes distorted by the deliberate lies of Florence and emotive jargon of the courtroom, as effective as her treatment of minor characters. The episode of trial is presented almost entirely through the Doctor's response to newspaper coverage, a method that not only avoids repetition but emphasizes the divergence between the individual, after whom the trial is named, in relation to the integrity of his own conscience, and the travesty of its representation in people previously more or less willing to connive at what they condemn with all the denunciation "the British public in one of periodical fits of morality".

The influence of Proust is again suggested in the use of Tennyson's poem "Come Not When I Am Dead", the last stanza of which recurs throughout the novel in much the same way as Vinteuil's "little phrase" of music, until the course of events changes the Doctor's total attraction to the lines into a total identification with their meaning.

share his bed; and — a more constant diversion — he has begun to write: plays, of course, and an immense novel set in the world of the theatre. Both these activities are shelved, though, when Buster meets a girl who, either by chance or design, misinterprets his intention when he presents her with a ring and assumes they are engaged. Without pausing for her cue, she constructs a cosy relationship, pet names and all, takes him home to meet the folks (both jolly good sorts) and finally sends him off to the country to learn the rudiments of farming while she is touring overseas.

Buster's sojourn among the dairy herds and pig-sties is described in terms sufficiently idyllic to enable us to know that it is not going to last. Selfish — or at least self-defensive — as ever, he breaks the engagement and gets back to the boards, though

Holistic than thou

HARRY COMMONER
The Closing Circle
Confronting the Environmental Crisis
336pp. Cape. £2.50.
PETER BOHM and ALLEN V. KNEESE (Editors):
The Economics of Environment
163pp. Macmillan. £3.95.

other, when in fact they are intricately linked. In fact he is arguing in favour of synthesis, of which a dictionary definition is "the combination of separate elements of thought into a whole". Dr Commoner is a reasonably good synthesist, even a very good one by some people's standards, but we need better synthesists, and a lot more of them, if we are to resolve the sort of problems he discusses in *The Closing Circle*. He offers his solutions all right, as the second half of his book shows, but in doing so he strays far beyond his own field — the biology of natural systems and tries to isolate causes of environmental degradation in the widest sense. He seeks to identify these causes by examining facets of "the real world", yet by his selection and isolation of causes he is guilty of a form of reductionism as he defines it.

In a chapter called "The Technological Flaw" Dr Commoner examines changes in various measures of social and economic life in the United States, changes like increases in population, production and consumption of raw materials. He finds that neither population increase nor overall growth of production measured by the increase in GNP can explain recent rises in pollution levels, and sets out to show that the villains are the kinds of production and the technology used. Technology which replaces the biologically natural

material with the chemically unnatural and the re-usable with the non-degradable throwaway is Dr Commoner's main culprit, and he makes out quite a good case. But what about population movement and concentration in cities? He seems to ignore the rate of urbanization in his own country, which is greatly exceeded in the developing countries and is a potent factor in producing localized stresses on natural systems.

It is difficult to avoid a feeling that in his biological research Dr Commoner has seen the effects of substances provided by modern technology, formed the hypothesis that they are responsible for all our present ills, and then set out to prove his own hypothesis. In specific cases his hypothesis is doubtless correct, and had he limited himself to these, there would be little cause for disagreement.

The Economics of Environment, edited by Peter Bohm and Allen Kneese, brings together a collection of papers which originally appeared in *The Swedish Journal of Economics*. This is not a book for laymen, being studded with economists' jargon and pages of partial differential equations, but for the determined reader it does offer some insight into the economists' approach to problems of pollution.

For years economists have been trying to set up models to describe economic activity and to assess the effects of tinkering with different factors in the models. It is a fascinating and often fruitless task, the multiplicity of variables and the impossibility of representing the effects of such factors as confidence and bloody-mindedness in the participants in economic activities being severe restraints. So the economists leap at the chance of attempting to model a

complex system can be achieved by investigating the properties of its isolated parts, and without attempting a formal definition, he implies that holism is an "opposite approach", presumably where everything is studied in relation to everything else. If this is perhaps pushing it a bit too far, Dr Commoner does rather labour the contrast between the two approaches. "Reductionism" tends to isolate scientific disciplines from each other, and all of them from the real world, and so on.

To many other scientists this will appear to be one of the half-truths of the century. In any research project the scientist usually tries to define what it is he is trying to find out or verify. He puts up a hypothesis that this is how something works. He then sets out to prove or disprove the hypothesis, and in so doing he must try to assess the factors which may influence the hypothesis, the dependent and independent variables, and those factors that are irrelevant. He may, in devising an experiment to verify the dependence of one variable upon another, carefully and wrongly exclude the effects of a relevant variable, but that is an error of the scientist and not of science.

Dr Commoner's distinction between reductionism and holism is in some ways quite absurd. At a practical level, it is possible for him to deny that the network of relationships in some of his problems cannot be entirely understood without full understanding of individual relationships of specific chemical reactions under precisely defined conditions? And that these things can only be elucidated by carefully defined, "isolated" experimentation? It might almost be argued that in trying to contrast these two approaches he is guilty of the approach which he denigrates, of isolating them from each

other, when in fact they are intricately linked. In fact he is arguing in favour of synthesis, of which a dictionary definition is "the combination of separate elements of thought into a whole". Dr Commoner is a reasonably good synthesist, even a very good one by some people's standards, but we need better synthesists, and a lot more of them, if we are to resolve the sort of problems he discusses in *The Closing Circle*. He offers his solutions all right, as the second half of his book shows, but in doing so he strays far beyond his own field — the biology of natural systems and tries to isolate causes of environmental degradation in the widest sense. He seeks to identify these causes by examining facets of "the real world", yet by his selection and isolation of causes he is guilty of a form of reductionism as he defines it.

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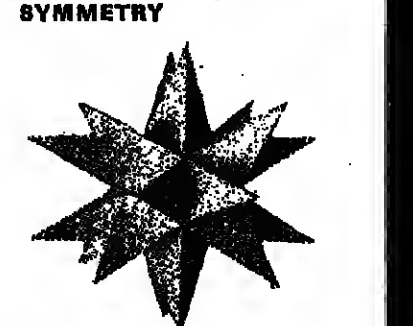
"simple" system such as a watershed affected by defined pollution-producing factories. They can make quite considerable progress with models of such systems, and their work may give useful indications of the costs and benefits of different control measures and policies. There seem to be two major difficulties, however: the economically optimum solutions propounded may be totally inimical to the long-term biological health of the systems modelled; and unknown synergistic effects of combinations of pollutants may make nonsense of the models.

Dr Bohm offers a most interesting paper on the problem of estimating demand for public goods. How can one persuade a consumer to reveal his true preferences for such public goods as cleaner air or more roads, assuming that on the basis of some consumer consensus they may be provided at some cost to the consumers? As a logical exercise it is a fascinating problem, and his exposition is clear and convincing. The only trouble is that the environmental implications of providing some of these goods may be complicated, obscure or even unknown, and the wretched consumer may truly be prepared to pay for things which will do him no good, and vice versa.

Lester Lave and Eugene Seskin present a quite extraordinary paper on Health and Air Pollution, based on regression analyses of social, economic, pollution and mortality data for "117 Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas in the United States". This includes seven and a half pages of tables of figures and paragraph after paragraph of indigestible explanations of the figures, with the remarkable conclusion "that air pollution has a marked effect on the mortality rate".

While some of the book's arguments can only be described as contrived, there are nuggets to be found within it — Ralph Arge's arguments about economic incentives to reduce pollution, and E. J. Mishan's interview with Dr Pangloss, on which he hangs a lucid explanation of economic optimality, are well worth reading.

ALAN HOLDEN
SHAPES, SPACE, AND SYMMETRY



This beautifully illustrated volume is an examination of the nine regular solids: the five commonly called Platonic, described by Theaetetus in the 4th century B.C., and four called Kepler-Poinsot. Writing for the layman as well as the student or professional in mathematics, the author explains the structure of the nine regular solids and demonstrates how they can be used to explain mathematical visually rather than by symbol systems.
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Moreover the English Department at King's College sees the study of literature as an intellectual pursuit rather than an emotional experience. Its students are accordingly not so much encouraged to express their enthusiasm about the beauties of literature, which is taken for granted, as directed to apply their minds to understanding it in all

Some colleges, however, are more different than others, and University College is the most different of all. Professors Frank Kermode and Randolph Quirk described the new syllabus at UCL in the *TLS* of June 5, 1969, in an article called "Muse in Change". The 1967 Saunders Report enabled any college of the university to establish its own independent programmes of study—subject to the university's approval—and UCL took swift advantage of this opportunity. The new syllabus offers considerably wider choice than is available in the rest of the university. The scheme of study is set out on a chart which is less complicated than it looks at first sight. Students take ten papers. All start with the three papers in the centre of the diagram—Chaucer and his literary background; The Renaissance; Shakespeare. The other seven papers are chosen by striking out along one of the lines that radiate from this core, and to get to a paper on the periphery that interests the student—say Heroic Poetry—he must take all the intervening papers (in this case Old Icelandic and Old English Basic). He

Professors Quirk and Kermode modestly describe the change as radical rather than revolutionary, but by London standards it is clearly a very big step indeed. The obligatory study of Anglo-Saxon has all but disappeared, and the range of choice topics to students is considerable. The examination system also presents a huge departure from London practice. Exams are spread over the whole of the student's last year, during which time he writes extended essays for the special studies courses, six thirty-hour papers for the Chaucer and Shakespeare course, Gloria

Meanwhile other colleges look at UCI with mixed feelings. Some are frankly jealous of its independence, its size, its prestige. Many express regret that it should have left the embrace of other colleges, and hope that one day it may be hired back. It was suggested to me that if the Board had been more flexible UCI might never have had to leave. As it is, if a rapprochement is to be made, it will obviously be the rest of the University that has to make a move. In fact the Board of Studies has been pondering syllabus changes for two years, and another meeting on the subject is being held today. It will be a long time before they come into effect—and even when they do, the Board of Studies makes up its mind, approval has still to be given by the Academic Council and by the Senate. It seems likely however that the new selueme

whatever its faults, the old syllabus was self-justifying; it made no account about what it was setting out or of how it was going to do it. The new proposals did not have this coherence. Both these lectures in a university like London, graphically scattered, where we do not have a strong feeling of unity or even of college, it was apparent that the syllabus should be something with a firm self-supporting structure that they could chip at. Such opinions will probably prevail, minorly, however, and it is likely in the near future the Board of Studies will continue to take a step in the direction mapped out by University College.

Roth Schwarz's book hints at more than an encyclopedic review of all aspects of Soviet music from the Revolution onwards. A gargantuan task, to put it mildly; one more which could easily end up as a panorama of names and dates, and a laundry-list, and useful only as a source for reconcile cross-references. Luckily, this book is nothing of the sort. Professor Schwarz has achieved a feat of condensation. All essential facts are there, including a number list that have not previously been available to Western readers. And yet the narrative is very rarely silted up by concentrated information, or marred by factual error.

Professor Schwarz has a distinct advantage over many Western Communist observers. He was born in Lwów, and therefore understands at first hand the convoluted of the case that so often defeats translators. And, since emigrating to America, he has made a number of extended return visits to his homeland—a recent one even sponsored by the Soviet Academy of Sciences—and he has had opportunities to study the Russian positions on nuclear policies and especially on numerous leading Soviet specialists. He is particularly informed about the two main catastrophes—1936 and 1941

The book is equally valuable in its survey of the conservatives, and their influence. The early years from 1917 to roughly 1932, are particularly well-documented, though the rest of the period is also recorded with a wealth of interesting detail.

But it is unfortunate that Professor Schwarz takes for granted the reader's familiarity with musical trends in the years immediately preceding the Revolution: a mere eight pages are devoted to this subject. Yet this is the frame within

Inevitably, the name which occupies the centre of the stage for the crisis of 1936 is that of Shostakovich. While the author's documentation here is excellent, there is little analysis of the actual musical as-

Ludg Mah-bah was, after a something of a red-herring. It provided a convenient target because the normally intangible issues of music were literally given flesh and made explicit, and therefore more vulnerable to official interference. (It is significant that Shostakovich never again completed an opera: would not risk a similar exposure.) Yet the underlying issue, musical speaking, is more clearly revealed in the contrast of style and scale between the suppressed Fourth Symphony of Shostakovich—sprawling and self-indulgent in its use of the orchestra—and the Fifth Symphony by which he returned triumphantly to public favour. Here was opportunity to bring the discussion down to particular scores, particularly musical signposts, and yet to encompass the nature of the whole process. The author makes no comparative analysis of these two cantata works, beyond a superficial descrip-

The value of Professor Schwarzenbach's book as a uniquely informed survey of events is beyond dispute. It will long remain essential reading for anyone seriously interested in this huge subject. And perhaps it will have given us the necessary political, social and biographical information, he might be persuaded to produce a companion volume devoted entirely to the music itself. It would be a work of even more central and crucial importance.

Pianists writing about pianists

bols by pianists about piano might be thought to have only a slight appeal. This is far from true, as with these two recently published volumes Konrad Wolff, a pupil of Schöenberg from 1936 onwards, tells that a knowledge of Riech's work—Mozart's operas, Beethoven's symphonies, Schubert's *Liedern*—is essential to the understanding of his own compositions. "Creators are specialists," was one of Schoenberg's paradoxes, and it is clear that his "approach" though different from those of his contemporaries has its own sludginess, is relevant to music-making. Similarly, Margarete's memories of Debussy actually gravitate to the piano studied with him. But her opinion is largely concerned with his and her summing-up with

vived into her late eighties. Her thoughts on Debussy were published in 1940, and they now appear in an excellent translation. Both books are therefore overdue. They are, however, far from out of date: musical interpretation is a perennial subject, and new evidence is always welcome when handed down from an authentic source. Otherwise it might seem perverse, or ironic, to review two such accounts under one heading.

Schnabel and Debussy would seem to have little in common. The late Debussy pretended to detest Mozart and Beethoven, two of Schnabel's gods; and Schnabel seldom, if ever, played Debussy. Nevertheless, to read the books side by side, as I have done, is a fascinating experience. Schnabel the teacher objected to the "vague and indeterminate sound" that so often passed for Debussy's playing; and Debussy, who loved Liszt and Chopin, would have loved to play with him. In his words, "the hands are not meant to hover in the air above the piano but to enter into it"; Liszt demanded, according to Mme Lohengrin, obedience to his marks and utmost precision.

through memories of his performances or through his records, his ideas, or the ideals he passed on to his pupils. Mr Wolff was such a pupil, and he planned his book year by year with Schnabel's approval, hoped for collaboration. On Schnabel's death in 1951, the original plan was frustrated. In view of the time-lapse one is inclined to say "shelves" since the ideas claimed as "emanations from Schnabel's artistic personality." There is doubt that this personality shines throughout Mr Wolff's pages, who give many a clue (with music examples) to the "creative" phraseology and articulation, and mention the overall understanding that lifted his performances into the echos of their own. The more general remarks, too, should be more pertinent by players young and old (not only pianists), such as: "He speaks upward and forward, and therefore one must not play downward and backward." His teaching methods are vividly recalled: "Bravo!" was a double-edged coin plumed to a pupil, signifying brilliance at the expense of the music; and "Safety last" his injunction to take risks.

Schnabel, technique was a means to an end and therefore flexible, human and fallible. Mr Wolff rightly emphasizes the separation of theory and practice, of the "soul" and "body" in interpretation. Schnabel's technique was in its own way without equal, and the greatest compliment was paid to him by a pianist of traditional virtuoso school who once said to him, after a performance by Liszt: "You ought to be a pianist, Liszt, you know. You could!"

Mme Long's book is, she admits, not a biography; but her completeness of Debussy, random and chronological, nonetheless gives a fairly comprehensive picture of his own life and tastes, as interwoven, amusingly, when she recalls how she kept from him the fact that she was working on Beethoven's "Emperor"; tragically, as she mentions her husband, the musicologist Joseph de Marliave, killed in action in the very first month of the last war. It was in the same year that he persuaded by Debussy, she began to study his piano works with him. "You don't want to play my music," he had asked. "On the contrary," she admires it too much. But it is a difficult.

musical world in France at the time. There were the famous virtuosos Planté, Siner, Pachumian—and there was the aloof, strangely beautiful sound-world of Debussy himself, which—to quote Jean Cocteau—thousand vague marvels in nature have at last found their interpreter.

Mino Long's commentary is infinitely more intimate. She depicts personality, the loves, and the sufferings. Her middle chapter ranges from *L'après-midi* to Debussy's marriage with Emma Burdus, to the Children's Corner Suite and his daughter Chou. Further immortalized in a series of touchingly paternal postcards from abroad:

Then Chou-Chou's daddy went into the kitchen, kept by a very ugly man and still uglier daughter. Deddy took off his hat politely, made signs like a deaf-mute to ask for the prettiest postcards which to write to his dear little girl. The old man was quite overcare; as for his daughter, she died instantly.

Alas, Chou-Chou herself died of diphtheria at barely fifteen. This gave Debussy was spared: the man who proudly styled himself "musicien français" was buried a year before, in 1918. No long time, then, before Debussy heard his dear little girl, *Papa*, who played by a funny (unspecified) pianist. "How was it?" Mino Long asked him. "Dreadful. I didn't miss a note." Schnabel would have appreciated that remark.

DAVID FARLEY-HILLS (Editor):
Rushmore: The Critical Heritage
 275pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul
 £3.75.

When the Robbins committee issued its *finis lux* and new universities began to spring up all over the country, one of the predictable consequences was a growth of educational books offering predigested material for the new academic candidates. This industry has grown notably in recent years, as one new series of volumes has followed another. Since a series has some sort of connexion—one volume is likely to sell another (good for the publisher)—and since the work is often not especially arduous (it can be undertaken as a pleasant relaxation by established scholars, and as a preliminary easter by those who are in the process of establishing themselves. In the circumstances we must expect that such jobs for the booksellers will vary in quality and usefulness, and that some will fit into a series better than others.

The latest volume in the "Critical Heritage" series shows the sort of thing that can happen when a publisher is the "outré togetherness" of a book that would never have been born at all if it had not been requisitioned, presumably on the advice of a general editor. Rochester, who for the past three hundred years has been a rather better than average minor poet, has now become fashionable, and is in some danger of coming into more than his own. In the present bourgeois-Restoration climate his habit, both in life and literature, of taking his clothes off in public has considerably inflated his reputation. But whatever we may think of Rochester today, all the evidence goes to show that past generations had little to say about him as a poet, and were much more interested in how he flamboyantly lived and how he died. So far as the critical heritage is concerned, it could be adequately stated in a few hundred words.

nathology, and his proceeds are pitiful. Among his few notable offerings, are the entire first edition of William Burnet's *Snow Parting the Life and Death of . . .* (1672), Robert Walsley's *Prædicator Vultuarius*, Thomas King's *face to Rochester's Poem on the Earl of Arundel* (1691), and John's account of him in the *Life of a Poet*. Together with the direction these accounts for the hundred pages, but Mr Fargues is still left with about 100 pages to fill, and he proceeds to use long oblique phrases by such as Oldham, Aphra Behn, Field and Samuel Woodford, which taint only a few grains of the wheat buried in sacks full of evant chaff. Among the longer passages there is one serious attempt to evaluate Rochester by Fargues in the *Review des Mœurs* (1857), but there is much deplorable rubbish, and the critical nadir in some of these obnoxious by one Thomas Longueville (1903).

Mr Farley-Hills is not to be blamed for the fact that he was found so little that is worth saying; the material simply lay in the fault lines rather with the manufacturers for dreaming up the duct and setting the conveyor in motion. The editor, however, takes their responsibility for his failure, which contains a number of errors (as well as several names) appears as "George Savile, Marquis of Halifax"; "Lady Mary Montagu's mother-in-law is also to as the "Duchess of Marlborough which she never was; and for a queer reason Nathaniel Lee is four times as "Nathaniel Lee." Reference is made to "a satire of the late 1680s, 'The Reformation of Manners'", which turns out to be Defoe's fairly well known poem of 1702. On the credit side it can be said that Mr Farley-Hills has made a determined search for the material; but when he realised it was not going to be, significantly he did not consider even this volume to cover Steady, Defoe and the other Cavalier poets between them, they would have been too restricting the general

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Schnabel played occasional waxes notes himself—and his records, in demand, were made before the age of tape-editing, which he would doubtless have scorned anyway. **1**

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Causes are not enough

W. G. RUNCIMAN:

A Critique of Max Weber's Philosophy of Social Science. HUPPE. Cambridge University Press. £1.80.

The basic intuition which led W. G. Runciman to this topic is a very sound one. He discloses it towards the end of the book. It is that Max Weber's struggle to find a middle way between positivism and idealism was profound, revealing, and anticipated many current preoccupations. Professor Runciman gives a rather various definition of the positivist view, as holding that "the task of philosophy... is limited to the logical elucidation of accepted practice". In fact, especially in the social sciences, which they hold to be in a mess, positivists adopt the stance of non-choicers, not norm-ratifiers. But what is really illuminating is Professor Runciman's autobiographical comment on this position:

For myself, at least, I have to say that neither as a practising sociologist nor as a human agent do I find this plausible. I am constantly puzzled by questions of meaning as opposed to cause (reviewer's italics).

Quite so. The problem of meaning. In this sense, is not merely a methodological one (do we understand men and societies "from the inside", or by subsuming their conduct under impersonal generalizations?), but also one of sociological substance: the kind of world or "meaning" which is out there, available "to be understood" at all, has changed radically in the modern world, and this transformation is at the centre of Weber's preoccupations. This double presence of the problem of "meaning", as a question both of method and of substance, is what gives Weber's struggles with it that depth which Professor Runciman rightly senses. But unfortunately he does not pursue this duality of level. The *en passant* and almost offhand confession quoted above is one of the rare indications that he is aware of it. This is a great pity, for this way the excitement is taken out of the methodological issue.

Weber wasn't just a man wavering between two machine-tool frames, each offering to equip and supply Sociological Enterprises Inc. Over and above this, he saw that what was at stake was far more than re-tooling. Underneath two methodological theories there were different moral concerns and a sensitivity to different aspects of modern life. Weber did indeed wish to steer a middle course between those willing to pay the price

of disenchantment for science, and those willing for eager to spurn science in order to retain "meaning". But the disenchantment was present in the *obit*, and not merely in the method of social inquiry.

Professor Runciman praises Weber's attitude, which would not grant outright victory to either side in this methodological dispute: "the moral to which Weber's eclectic account of the logic of social scientific method requires the occupation... of the middle ground against the extremes". His manner of contrasting Weber with J. S. Mill is apposite: "it could... be said of Mill that for him the problems of the social sciences were not philosophical problems at all so much as technical ones", so that, despite his formally better equipment, his contribution was far less deep.

What is puzzling is why Professor Runciman, who sees all this, sins against it by the manner in which he constructs his book. He complains that Bendix and others treat Weber's methodology "as an almost irrelevant adjunct to the main body of his work"; but why come so close, at least in the general strategy of exposition, to committing the mirror-image of that error?

His more specific intentions are clearly announced:

Weber was wrong on three issues: the difference between theoretical presuppositions and implicit value judgments; the manner in which "ideographic" explanations are to be summed under causal laws; and the relation of explanation to description. His demonstration of this is exceedingly difficult to follow, because, for some reason, the quality of writing is lower than that often reached by this author in earlier work. The over-condensed texture of the prose is joined, curiously, to an almost gossipy indulgence in insufficiently explicit and often questionable side-references. Looking up from the dusty tomes of Weber's contemporaries and predecessors, Professor Runciman will wave a handkerchief to some contemporary thinker, with a rapid throwaway remark which all too often turns out to be not merely cryptic and questionable, but also devoid of that suggestiveness which alone could justify such airy man-ners.

The two reference groups for the argument are indeed Weber's contemporaries and predecessors on the one hand, and Professor Runciman's own mainly philosophic peers on the other. That their concerns overlap is not in dispute. But the manner in which Professor Runciman relates

them is not always convincing. Take, for instance, his remarks about Weber's views on ethics. It is quite central to Weber that he considered the kind of morality exemplified by Kant to be one particular form of moral consciousness—indeed his life's work consisted in trying to understand this specificity, and the conditions and consequences of its emergence. Hence it is implausible to a degree to suggest that "Weber would have been willing to say" something that comes close to the moral theory of R. M. Hare. The decisive flaw in that theory is the supposition that this particular kind of morality, whose distinctiveness obsessed Weber, can be equated with morality, as such, anywhere. Where Weber endeavours to trace the unique concatenation of circumstances which engendered it, this modern theory rather comically derives it from the very nature of moral language. Were this true, it would render the whole of Weber's work redundant.

This particular implausibility of interpretation is only an instance of something that haunts the whole manner in which Professor Runciman relates these two worlds. Most of the contemporary philosophers whom he cites have no sense of the uniqueness of the modern world (or if they do, hold that this has nothing to do with philosophy), whereas of course for Weber it was the starting-point. If they do discuss some of the same problems, they were led to them not by a substantive sociological interest (Professor Runciman himself is one of the fairly rare exceptions here), but by quite other considerations. The expansionist claims of positivist scientists forced them to defend their own territory, the study of man or society or whatever, and re-think their claims to it. Modern philosophy happened to offer them a cheap and facile, and, as it turned out, invalid, guarantee against any evulsion from this territory. (The poor quality of this chapter does not mean that the issue is decided, either way.)

Weber's concern and handling of the issue had none of this facile superficiality, and Professor Runciman is right in sensing this and being attracted by it. If his specific comments and corrections of Weber are less than clear or convincing, the fault must largely lie with the allusive style, and the relatively restricted terms of reference he set himself. What he has to say is obviously interesting, and one must hope that one will be able to follow it better in some later and larger work—larger both in size and scope.

Night thoughts

ANN FARADAY:

Dream Power. 334pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.50.

"Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in them?" said Tennyson. One of the psychologists' most intriguing findings in recent years has been that there is no such thing as the person who never dreams. Recordings of sleepers' eye movements and brain waves have shown that there is a distinct nightly sleep pattern; and by waking their subjects at different times of night the dream experimenters have found that the average person has several substantial periods of REM—or dream—sleep per night. What is not so widely known is that even at other stages in the sleep cycle the brain appears to be producing amorphous dreamlike "thoughts".

Dreaming is clearly an important part of mental activity. In the first section of her book Ann Faraday reviews the past twenty years' research on dreaming in a lucid and entertaining way, demolishing some myths and distinguishing facts from hypotheses. She discusses the possible function of dreaming, which has been variously described as something like the meaningless crackle of an idle machine and as a process essential for keeping the brain tissue in working order. Whatever the answer may prove to be, and she suggests that it could span both these extremes depending on the depth of sleep, type of dream, and its accompanying physiological processes, she believes that the recall and discussion of an individual's dreams can provide important clues to his current problems, and possibly even lead to "a reappraisal of our whole mode of being".

Here we move on to depending on the reader's point of view—more

speculative or more to do with therapeutic "dream power" and on her own experience, she splendidly frank about the latter, which include psychomorphosis, religious experiences, and the usual frolics of childhood.

First, a view of the French counter-demonstration. A few essays in a critical anthology, *The Sixth Sense*, Robert Finch shows the value of the period 1686-1760, one of two preliminary sabbies at "Pamy fut leur Paul Claudel and Népoucène Lemerrier, but in the end these encyclopedic versifiers do not answer his quest for poetry and he has to look elsewhere for "la terre poétique".

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The right to be irresponsible

ELIZABETH K. BEAUJOUR:

The Invisible Land. A Study of the Artistic Imagination of Iurii Olesha. 222pp. Columbia University Press. £3.60.

Olesha's novel *Envy* has teased the imagination of readers and critics ever since its first appearance in 1927. Largely on the strength of this one short hawk he has enjoyed a high reputation in the West, and he has been a natural favourite for graduate dissertations in North American universities: one of these is now offered to the general public.

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Elizabeth K. Beaujour's study is concerned with an analysis of Olesha's imagery, and her title comes from a phrase in his short story "The Cherry Stone", on which she comments:

To escape from a real position of total powerlessness, Fedin retreats into the invisible land of his imagination, where he revenges himself by becoming a policeman, a figure of authority. Her argument is that this retreat into an invisible land constitutes the main technique not just of Olesha's characters, but also of Olesha himself. His style, as Professor Beaujour analyses it, is characterized by a delight in fanciful comparisons (smiles rather than metaphors), and by an avoidance of functional imagery; by a yearning for the innocent vision of childhood, and by a rejection of the realities of the new technological age; by the pose of bystander rather than participant, and by a view of the artist as entertainer. In a word: his irresponsibility, both as artist and as citizen; accordingly certain words like "evasio" and "self-betrayal" recur ominously throughout the book.

The two longest chapters are devoted to "Olesha's limitations" and to a series of comparisons with other writers of the 1920s: Shklovsky, Nabokov, Ehrenburg, Fedin, Kaverin, Mayakovsky and Gryn. In each case Olesha is found wanting. But the point is not that Olesha failed to become any of these artists (which can hardly be disputed) but to what extent he succeeded in being Olesha. He does, of course, have his limitations: like anybody else, and it is not difficult to identify them; but the remarkable thing, as with most other artists, is the way in which his human weaknesses could be turned to artistic advantage. There is a rich field for the literary critic here, but Professor Beaujour has missed it in her unwillingness to distinguish between literature and life.

It is hardly surprising then that the word "irony" is missing from her account of this elusive writer. For all her psychological sophistication she is often

World Affairs

MEHNOON, K. P. S. *The Indo-Soviet Treaty, Signing and Aftermath*. 83pp. Delhi: Vikas, Rs12.

PAUL, SATYANVILA. *The Marxist Mirage*. 233pp. Bombay: New Horizon, Rs35.

These two books illustrate in an interesting manner the conflict of opinion which now exists in India over the relations, past, present and future, between New Delhi and Moscow. K. P. S. Menon shows himself in these nine articles reprieved from various publications, a staunch believer in the disinterested friendship of the Soviet Union and in its utility to his country. It is a view which deserves respect, but the implicit suggestion that the events leading up to the 1971 Indo-Soviet Treaty, accompanied as they were by massive diplomatic support and a lavish supply of sophisticated armaments, were something different in kind from corresponding policy which the Nixon Administration adopted towards Pakistan is sorely rather narrow.

On the tragedy of Bangladesh Mr Menon takes an equally simplistic view; to him, the massacres were all on one side. The question of who originally started them is ignored. Mr Menon appears indifferent to the sufferings of the Bihari settlers.

Kind of attitude which Mr Menon adopts is just that which fills Mr Menon with seething indignation—he would describe it, no doubt, as sloppy, sentimental and porbfind. He is a hard-hitting writer, whose previous attacks upon what he regards as the country's effete and spineless foreign policy have attracted a good deal of attention. In this latest book he directs all his heavy guns upon the deficiencies of Marxism as a creed and a political programme in a manner which would give Mr Menon no end of a shudder. Not that Mr Menon is necessarily a Marxist himself, at least. But it nittens in this mad, mad plan for life which India's good friend the Soviet Union is so dear to—what inconceivable taste!

[illegible]

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